

YALE BEAT BOHEMIANS IN RIVER RACE.

One Hundred Thousand People Witness the Harlem River Regatta Races.

"A Night of Rain Can Never Spoil the Track for a Boat Race."

Collegians Not in the Hunt and the Honors of the Day "Stayed on the River"—Great Enthusiasm.

That sure-enough, everlasting, reliable democratic organization of public benefactors, known as the Harlem Regatta Association, gave the dear people the best day of aquatic sport yesterday that these waters have known for a long, long time. The word "game" is used advisedly.

For thirty-one years the association has been doing the self-same thing, season in and season out. On every warm-weather holiday the man, woman or child who had no money to spend, or was too close-dressed to spend it, has had only to select a perch on a pier head or a lumber pile somewhere along the river front, between Gates's lumber dock and Macomb's Dam Bridge, and watch a magnificent panorama of battle after battle, a gay picture of color which lasted for hours. And it has cost them not a sou. Some time when the municipal Santa Claus comes along and is doing nice things for the Park Department, he ought to drop a fine, big plum into the stocking of the Harlem River Regatta Association.

Seen by 100,000 People.

No day the Harlem River ever saw could have illustrated the truth of all this better than did yesterday. If one pair of eyes watched the splendid struggling going on over that old mile straightaway yesterday, then 100,000 did. The bridges, the bulkheads, the lumber piles, the shipping moored alongshore, the rocks, the roadways—every place where a human being could perch was black with people. And they saw it all without money and without price.

The humblest urchin had the rich men's sons of Columbia and Yale, to say nothing of other visiting crews of the brown-backed commoners who make up the Harlem River clubs, working there as if they were paid for it, working till, whipped out by the agony of effort, they fell back fainting, while the flags flaunted and the steam whistles screamed, and the iron-throated multitudes shouted till they were black in their myriad faces to cheer the victors. It was a splendid show.

Marked as the morning was it held no discouragement for the water people. By noon time endless processions moved toward the river side, and "Hod" Walter, the seasoned patriarch of the Dautless Club, said sagely to that other gay patriarch, "Jim" Pilkington: "Pilkington, a night of rain can never spoil the track for a boat race."

And it didn't. The weather grew finer and finer, the crowds bigger and bigger, and the sport hotter and hotter, as the hours went on.

The sun went down in glory, and so did the hopes of many a mettlesome and sun-burned oarsman.

Most notable among these, perhaps, were the brown, brawny men of Yale, who had come from New Haven in quest of medals and pennants, and the beautiful crew of Columbia, fair to the eye but all hopelessly astern of everybody when the flag fell over fighting finishes. The consistent failure of the college crews was noteworthy, because it was, for Harlem purposes, the downfall of the college idea in aquatic, and the college boys who were loved in by the people who watch Harlem River racing. The college stroke, with its English earmarks, had a trial before it, and the Yale crew, who were protested by the New York Athletic Club, but the directors overruled the protest. It was well they did, for the presence of the college crews would have detracted from the local interest, and were good races, too, but the mind of the multitude was on the races that Yale and Columbia were in.

In the Junior Singles.

The opening trial in the Junior Singles was won by Stevens, of the Seawanhaka, after a pretty race enough with Wilson, of the New Yorks, who is young, but has the making of a champion in him. Most of the Pennsylvania, and Powers, of the Nassaus, were smothered. Then Vought, of the Atlantas, beat out Sedwick, of the Bohemians, and Shuler, of the Nassaus, won the second heat. Norman, of the Atlantas Boat Club, was capsize and swam ashore. Vought won out in the finals, too, but it was made him.

In the senior doubles Van Vleet and Monaghan, of the Pennsylvanias, beat the Harlem redoubtable, "Jack" Nagle and M. Annan, of the Nassaus. The Nassaus' representatives, Machay and Davis, M. D. The Metropolitans and Wynokes got off in the lead in the junior four-oared gig event, and so raced away to the finish, the Nonpareils being always near enough to be possible, and the four blue and white jerseyed boys of Columbia trailing along to slow music. Wynoke finally nosed ahead of the Metropolitans' bow, and finished three lengths to the good.

There was every chance of a good fight in the junior double sculls, but S. G. Carr and H. V. Cleiman, of the Nassaus, fouled J. R. Topping and W. F. Rittler, of the Harlem Club, under the Madison avenue bridge, and were disqualified. The winners, the pair of Pennsylvanians, Cleiman and Topping, were the first to cross the line. The club's pretty team, C. Smyth and E. J. Kenne, were started anew from the three-quarters. The New Yorks rowed strong and hard to the close, and won about as they pleased.

The Real Sport of the Day.

Then the real sport began. There was a great looking up and down the river for the brawly boys from Yale. There was no cheering when they swung up the river to the stake. They were young and so smooth, the smooth, white-skinned lads of Columbia. Looking at them it was hard, somehow, not to think of their fathers and mothers, they were so young and so smooth, and so altogether boyish. A strange contrast they made with the hardy, foreign-looking chaps in the lone Star, and Bohemian boats, and the trim, straight, swave fellows who lay over next the New York shore, with the Mercury foot of the New York Athletic Club upon their jerseys. Still more unlike were they to the beefy and motley clad men of Yale, who swung the stake boat as a unit might off at table after dinner.

There, never was a fiercer battle on water than these forty fellows made out that long river side, with the multitude howling madly at them from either bank, four being always near enough to be possible, and the four blue and white jerseyed boys of Columbia trailing along to slow music. Wynoke finally nosed ahead of the Metropolitans' bow, and finished three lengths to the good.

OVERVIEWED IN THE FIRST INNING.

Giants Got Such a Start That the Pittsburghs Were Dismayed.

VICTORY FOR BROOKLYN.

Sockalexis Made a Hit by His Brilliant Work in the Field.

Results and Attendance.

MORNING GAMES.	
New York vs. Pittsburgh.....	Rain
Brooklyn vs. Cleveland.....	Rain
Boston vs. St. Louis.....	Rain
Louisville, 4; Philadelphia, 3.....	3,000
Cincinnati, 4; Washington, 3.....	2,000
Baltimore, 6; Chicago, 4.....	3,800

AFTERNOON GAMES.	
New York, 10; Pittsburgh, 2.....	18,000
Brooklyn, 5; Cleveland, 2.....	18,000
Philadelphia, 14; Louisville, 0.....	10,415
Cincinnati, 4; Washington, 3.....	9,000



Indians Trying to Scalp Charlie Byrne.

Standing of the Clubs.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Baltimore.....	23	8	.742
Cincinnati.....	23	11	.676
Pittsburgh.....	18	12	.600
Boston.....	18	12	.600
Cleveland.....	17	13	.567
New York.....	14	13	.519
Louisville.....	15	15	.500
Philadelphia.....	15	16	.484
Chicago.....	15	17	.471
Washington.....	9	21	.300
St. Louis.....	6	26	.188

The New Yorks had a lot of fun with the Pittsburghs on the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon, while 18,000 spectators laughed and yelled themselves dead tired. It was all very well for a time, but there is such a thing as too many runs, and when the Giants had sent twelve hands to bat and sent eight runs across the plate in the very first inning, the holiday crowd was satisfied. After that it was easy for the home team to hold its lead, and it won with talies to spare.

It was one of the Polo Grounds' banner days. Rain and a rain-soaked diamond prevented the morning game from being played, but long before the afternoon contest was scheduled to begin the field had dried, and it certainly presented a charming appearance as the teams appeared for practice. Every seat in the grand stand, bleachers and backfield was occupied, and there were rows of "standees" on both tiers of the structure. Away out on the field a rope had been stretched, and behind this was packed a crowd of enthusiasts twenty deep. It was a typical baseball day and a typical baseball crowd, with all the beer you wanted to drink and all the popcorn you wanted to chew.

Big Amos Rusie was the hero of the hour. The great pitcher let them hit when he wanted to, and struck 'em out when he pleased. After his side had scored eight runs for a starter, it really didn't matter whether the Pittsburghs hit the ball or not. The crowd gave Rusie plenty of applause and he deserved it all.

Amos received a great send-off when he stepped into the box and spat on his hands preparatory to throwing a trial in the pitcher's eyes. Smith was the first man to face the Hoosier. He whizzed a grounder to Davis and was an easy out at first. There were groans when Rusie fumbled Ely's bunt, but the latter had hardly reached first before he was doubled up with a Harry Davis when the ex-Giant pitched a swift grounder at Amos, which the big fellow negotiated in style. This hair-raising double play put the crowd in

great humor, which did not diminish during the Giants' first at bat.

Van Halten opened the ball by planting a pretty two-bagger in left field. Silent Thomas, batting second, was a hit for first. It was too hot for Harry Davis to handle and Van raced around to third. Joyce sent another runner toward first base, and this time Davis threw wild to second, and it was a tray full of bases. Van Halten, by the way, went to sleep instead of scoring on the play. However, it didn't matter much, as George Davis was hit on the arm by a pitched ball.

Gleason put up a high fly, which Ely caught with his back to the ball. "Ducks" Holmes bunted and Sudden made a mess of it, falling all over the ball and failing to touch Terman as he crossed the plate. Wilson singled past third, scoring Joyce, and Davis hit the latter man (thank Sudden) as he muffed Smith's straight throw to the plate. Warner kept up the good work with a hit to left, sending in Holmes, and Rusie's out moved the runners along.

By this time the Pirates were on the verge of insanity. Ely fumbled, Van Halten's grounder sent Wilson home, and then the visitors went up in the air. Van made a blurt to steal. There was a grand gathering of the Pittsburgh club men in the excitement. Warner scored and Van got back to first without being caught. Terman singled to right, and on Mike's attempted steal Van scored run number eight. Joyce ended the fun by striking out. Joyce's men turned in a card in the second, and the Pirates were working their way back to first without being caught. Terman singled to right, and on Mike's attempted steal Van scored run number eight. Joyce ended the fun by striking out. Joyce's men turned in a card in the second, and the Pirates were working their way back to first without being caught. Terman singled to right, and on Mike's attempted steal Van scored run number eight. Joyce ended the fun by striking out.

And there were others, including Oliver Washington Tebeau.

There was a great game that Cleveland and Brooklyn played. Errors were scarce and had no effect upon the score. The hitting was reasonably good and in the first two innings the Bridgegrons punched their way to victory by knocking out all the stars in "C's" Young's fast ball that he persisted in pitching over the plate at just the right altitude to have it paralyzed.



Indians Trying to Scalp Charlie Byrne.

The same teams play two games this afternoon. Score:

NEW YORK.					PITTSBURGH.				
V. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
T. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
J. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
G. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
W. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. H. H., c.f. 2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0